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Sketches of French Musical History.

SACRED MUSIC.

I.

It may be considered as established, that the germs of the various forms of the music of our epoch are to be sought in the chant of the ancient bards—in *Bardism*. By sharing in the rites of the Druids, they added to the solemnity of their religious ceremonies; in celebrating the noble acts of heroes, they gave birth to a form of narrative, which at a later period was transformed into the romance, the ballad, nay, even into works of history; and finally while censuring private immorality, they indicated the true way in which Art and the theatre might become teachers of good morals—their end being to instruct as well as to amuse. *Castigat ridendo mores*, as the old motto of the Opéra Comique justly had it.

In our opinion many a beautiful operatic subject might be drawn from the ancient Druidic and Gallic periods of history. We have never seen the *Ossian* of Leseur, but the Bards' chorus of Rossini in *La Donna del Lago*, which was afterwards introduced into the opera, *Robert Bruce*, is powerful and majestic. The mass of men's voices in unison, sonorous and vibrating, relieved by the most splendid orchestration; those grave personages in flowing white tunics, holding golden harps, and crowned with oak wreaths, and arranged in curved lines rising like the seats of an amphitheatre, formed a picture of magic splendor, well exhibiting the lofty poesy of that grand form of imperfect civilization.

With the Roman conquests, Bardism degenerated and gradually disappeared. No longer exerting a salutary influence upon society, the bards sold their songs for gold and encouraged vice instead of virtue. Moral depravity drew after it the fall of the Roman Empire, and the invasion of the barbarians almost annihilated, for the time at least, the culture of the fine arts and especially of music. Meantime everything began very soon to wear a new aspect; Christianity, by its divine, supernatural power, civilized the most barbarous races and after the battle of Talbiac, Clovis, the fierce Sicambrian, peacefully bowed his head under the powerful hand of the Bishop, St. Remigius.*

Music, that universal language, reflecting alike the passions, ideas and sentiments of each epoch, was religious in its origin; so it follows, that, after the changes in the patriarchal traditions, which gave birth to the various pagan and idolatrous rites spread through the greater part of Earth's surface, the celestial muse was marvellously regenerated after baptism in the pure and living waters of nascent Christianity.

The Church from the beginning had a liturgy; whether in its origin it was Jewish, Egyptian, Greek, or, perhaps, derived from all three, is

*The baptism of Clovis by this saint is the subject of the altar piece in the church of St. Remigius, at Bonn.

now difficult to decide. Be that as it may, the Apostles established successively the reading of the Evangelists, the benediction of the people, the *preface* and the *canon*; in a word all those several parts which by degrees have come to form the holy sacrifice of the Mass.†

From the year 104 A. D., hymns to Christ were sung, and the 42d Canon of the Apostles ordains that the Cantor, as in case of the sub-deacon and the reader, should cease from his functions and be thrust out of the communion if addicted to gambling and other forms of intemperance.

In the third century, St. Denis of Alexandria, St. Cyprian and the canons of the council of Elvire, in the fourth, Popes Sylvester and Damasus, St. Athanasius, Cyril of Jerusalem, Basil of Caesarea, Prudence, &c., occupied themselves with the liturgy. Diodorus, Bishop of Tarsus, and Flavian of Antioch introduced into the church the alternate (Antiphonal) chanting of the psalms, a practice soon afterwards brought by Ambrose to Milan. Saints Hilaire of Poitiers, Loup, Bishop of Troyes, Salvien of Marseilles, Mamert of Vienne, Apollinaris, bishop of Claremont, laid the foundations of the ancient Gallic liturgy.

In the sixth century, St. Caesar d'Ales, Elps, the wife of Boethius,‡ St. Benoit, patriarch of the Western Monks, and St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, composed a great number of hymns. At last in the seventh century, Pope Gregory the great compiled the Antiphonary, founded the college of singers (in our day the Pope's choir) and established the practice of singing entirely without orchestral or organ accompaniment. Schools of Roman singing were successively established in France in the churches at Soissons, Metz, Tours, Strasburg, Lyons and Dijon. Why was the single, universal liturgy proclaimed at the council of Vannes, (about A. D. 465) so soon abandoned? Because, alas! however difficult it be to organize and place upon a solid foundation any establishment, it is still more difficult to maintain it, by reason of the force of human passions before which too often the most sacred things are not safe. Egotism, self-love, the spirit of revolt, insubordination and disobedience have unhappily left their marks deeply impressed upon all the crises and revolutions of our poor humanity.

According to M. Castil-Blaze, Clovis was not insensible to the charms of music. Desirous of having in his service a famous virtuoso and skilful professor, he sent to Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, for the singer Acorde, recommended by the wise Boethius, who came to the French Court to delight the most aristocratic ears.

Gregory of Tours reports that at the burial of St. Clotilde, the ceremony was accompanied by

†The writer is Roman Catholic, and perhaps a Protestant historian would not here agree with him.

‡The Nouvelle Biographie Universelle. says [Art. Boëce] "Son mariage avec Elps paraît être une fable."—"his marriage with Elps appears to be a fable."

a numerous choir of psalmists. (Cum magno psallentio.)

Towards the year 556, Quintianus, Bishop of Claremont, discovered in a monastery a youth named Gall, endowed with a voice so charming that people came from all quarters to admire him. The prelate desirous of cultivating talents so promising, presented him to Theodoric son of Clovis, and to the queen his wife. They, charmed, retained him at Court. The king conceived a strong affection for him, took him with him upon his journeys, and after the death of Quintianus gave him the See of Clermont. Gall was after his death canonized for his virtues, and tenor singers might well claim him as one of their patron saints, at the present day.

Chilperic, king of Soissons, youngest son of Clotaire I. composed hymns, which however are not praised by Gregory de Tours; Gontran, king of Bourgoyne et Orleans—by some authors classed among the blessed—was so passionately fond of music could not take his meals without hearing the psalms and responses of divine service executed with much perfection. We shall not affirm that the virtuous monarch did not often himself give the pitch, and direct the performances of the choral society of Soissons, even then ancient.

Dagobert (whose name signifies *heroic singer*) was also a famous dilettant. Assisting one day at vespers in the abbey of Romilly, good Christian as he was, his ear was suddenly struck by the tones of an admirable voice. He divined at once that such a voice could only belong to a beautiful woman. Falling desperately in love with the songstress, the beautiful Nantechilde or Nantilde, he divorced his queen Gomatrude and espoused the charming recluse. This story in such skilful hands as those of Scribe might furnish a companion piece to the *Domino Noir*.

In the *Vie de Saint Eloi* mention is made of a singer in service of Clotaire II., named Maurin, whom the applause of the Court had rendered vain and presumptuous—a proof that twelve hundred years ago the fault of singers were the same as now. Thierry III. it is said, had players upon all sorts of instruments, who accompanied the fine voices of singers, the whole combining to produce delicious concerts. Saint Ausbert at that time the prince's chancellor, was so transported as to write: "Pray God! if thou hast given to mortals the power of thus elevating our souls, even to thee, what will it be to hear in heaven the eternal song of angel's and the saints?"

The musical chapel of the King of France was just established in the Cathedral at Paris by St. Germain, bishop of that city and almoner of King Childebert.

It thus appears that the Meovingian dynasty had in its service both singers and performers upon instruments; but they were only heard at public ceremonies or during the repasts of the sovereigns. Occasionally, however, there was a

concert or ball at Court, and then the musicians were required to preside at the *esbattement joyeux*—pleasures of the highborn dames and their lords. Under those slothful kings, music necessarily degenerated and became the handmaid of sloth and feebleness, but the mayors of the palace had already seized the power, which was soon to place them upon the throne and gave France in Charles Martel a worthy predecessor of the immortal Charlemagne.

In short we may call the Merovingian era the liturgic epoch, though we would not affirm that the *chanson* had not already been heard.

But we must consider humanity as a whole and take it as it is, with its varied tendencies, as they appear more or less developed, according to the moral complexion of each era. Literature, art, music, reflect exactly the grand mean, or average of the manners of any historic period. By turns religious, warlike, dramatic, the musical expression of each century breathes the form, I might almost say the *costume*, of the dominant social life; it is the result of the true mean of that which produces it. The man of genius receives this general impulse, this grasps it as a whole and impresses his own zeal upon it. The man of talent confines himself to imitating the man of genius, but can never reach his original and creative power. From the fourth to the seventh century we may name among the immortal melodies which saw the light at that ancient period and which time has selected because their beauty is unchangeable: 1st., the *Te Deum*, a hymn grand, sublime as the heavens, broad as the earth, this hymn of incomparable solemnity is considered the joint production of two fathers, men of sublime and universal genius at that period of the primitive church, Saints Ambrose and Augustine: 2d., the hymns for Christmas and Epiphany; they are full of character and are attributed to Sedulius, preacher and poet, who, according to Trithemius, wrote A. D., 630; 3d., the hymn, "*Vexilla regis prodeunt*," composed by Fortunat Bishop of Poitiers. This piece, inspired by the history of the Passion in the New Testament, possessed a melancholy charm, which could only have been borrowed from Christianity.

(See the Latin rhymed verses which celebrate the victory of Clotaire II., over the Saxons, beginning thus:
"De Clotario est canere sege Francorum.")

On Rudimental Instruction on the Piano.

BY F. PETERSILEA.

No. II. TOUCH (*Anschlag*).

A right beginning saves a vast amount of time and labor in the progress of any undertaking, and yet it appears to me, that more judgment has been used in any other department of study, than in that of the Piano.

A correct position of the arms, hands and fingers is generally understood and thoroughly explained in some Instruction books; the object—to produce a *good touch*—and the means chosen (the little pieces, amusements, ay, even studies,) are such as to produce, nay *force* the opposite effect.

About thirty years ago Kalkbrenner invented and recommended a *Handrest*; I found it exceedingly useful, but nobody else ever uses it, as far as I know. Correct time is considered indispensable; then why not use the *Metronome* Hummel has recommended it in the strongest

terms. My regard for it is such, that for twenty-five years or more I never taught a pupil without it. It does not merely assist in keeping time; but by means of the bell points out the Rhythm—the *accents*, and without a due regard for these, there is not the slightest chance that a good touch ever can be obtained.

The Touch is two fold: *Mechanical* and *Melodious* or *Expressive*.

Some pieces and passages admit only the former; others, only the latter; still others, and by far the greater part of good Music, both. Every fine player knows this. Unconsciously a good player will use the one or the other, as circumstances require. But this seeming unconsciousness is the result of a perfect Mechanism first acquired, and superior taste and judgment added in later studies. The causes for a bad touch are vastly more numerous now than they were twenty or forty years ago. In a former period the music of Mozart, Haydn, Clementi, Cramer and Hummel was the object of the highest ambition. Now it is Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Chopin and Liszt! The passage from the former school to the latter is now-a-days traveled in a rail-road fashion; some think, also, that the old stuff of former ages might better be let alone altogether.

The beginner must only use the mechanical touch, for at least a couple of years. The music chosen for lessons and studies must be free from features, which require or admit expression. No crescendo, diminuendo, accelerando, ritardando, irregular accentuation, ff. pp. sfz. is admissible. *The student of painting has to learn to use the pencil before the brush, drawing before coloring!*

The difference between *mechanical* and *melodious* touch may be stated thus: "The former consists in a *STROKE*, (the literal meaning of the German word, *Anschlag*), the latter is produced by *PRESSURE*. The former produces only heavy and light or accented and unaccented notes, never admits of the slightest stiffness, pressure or strain; may be given by the *Finger* (Finger action), *Hand* (Wrist action), or *Arm* (Elbow action), according as the notes to be played, are legato, marcato, staccato, heavy or light. *FINGER ACTION* only is to be employed in legato movements. (The Slur is at present not to be thought of, its use and abuse shall be noticed in a future article). The accent is produced by lifting the Finger as high as possible before its FALL; the light note is the result, if the finger is but slightly raised. N. B. Remember: in either case the finger falls like a hammer on a loose hinge.

The *WRIST ACTION* is used only in playing detached notes. The hand is kept expanded, level, the fingers bent but motionless, the arm in its steady level position, the hand uplifted, more or less, in consideration of heavy or light notes, and let fall. (Excellent drawings for Finger and Wrist action are found in Richardson's New Method, but for *pure Elbow action* there is no plate. The Figure in which Elbow and Wrist action combined is shown, is applicable only to the melodious touch. A true representation of *ELBOW ACTION* for mechanical touch, would show the arm in the figure V; the wrist elevated, the hand entirely loose, the Fingers straight, pointing perpendicularly upon the keys. The rise and fall of the arm must correspond with the distance of the intervals and the power desired; but the Fingers must not attack the key from a

greater distance than is absolutely necessary, for superfluous motion is worse than useless. The *melodious touch* may proceed either from the Finger, Wrist or Elbow—from the finger and wrist action combined—and lastly from Elbow and Wrist action joined. For perfect drawings see the plates of Richardson's new Method. But in every movement of the Finger, hand or arm, there is a certain restraint, control, regulation (of course I do not mean stiffness). Therefore in short: THE MECHANICAL TOUCH IS SIMPLE, THE MELODIOUS TOUCH COMPLICATED, and consequently unsuitable for the beginner.

The proper cultivation of the mechanical Finger action or touch shall be the subject of my next letter.

(Translated from the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," vol. 50, Nos. 3, 11, and 16, for Dwight's Journal of Music, by G. A. Schmitt.)

Ludwig von Beethoven's Life and Works.

BY ADOLF BERNHARD MARX.

Reviewed by Franz Brendel, Editor of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik."

I.

Since Mr. Stourdza, the Russian privy-councillor condemned the German universities and gave his verdict against all German culture, no greater insult has been offered to German nature and German art from the neighboring eastern empire than OULIBICHEFF's book on BEETHOVEN. True, we have been accustomed for centuries to receive from those plains, Huns, Mongols and the cholera; but those are dispensations of heaven which we have to submit to. But the book of Oulibicheff, the work of a "sinful man," which he was swinging as a scourge over the sins of the musical representative men of the nineteenth century, has deserved a reproof at the hands of a German for some time. Not because it is of any importance, whether a Russian dilettante in Nischney-Nowgorod finds in Beethoven's F major symphony the sublime production of an Olympic humor or the effects of a "Chimera"—a creation of his own brain! That might trouble us Germans little. But Oulibicheff, having become the favorite of all musical dilettanti by his Mozart-Biography, has been proclaimed all-powerful "hetman" by the whole horde of Cossack critics, from the Volga to the Seine, in consequence of his predatory invasion into the sacred realm of German Art. He sets up the wail of woe, repeated for ever and ever, over the fallen angel, the apostate from the church of Haydn and Mozart, in which the only safety is found; over the man worthy of our pity, who bore the cross of deafness and succumbed to that cross. But if, in his case, deafness and bad example are considered mitigating circumstances, what fate do those wicked persons, who are not willing to make the brook run up hill, who in the time of round hats and natural hair think another kind of music possible, yea, even necessary, than in the time of perukes, queues, and three-cornered hats! To kill these Herostatuses critically, it is necessary to insist on the axiom: "*principiis obsta*" (resist principles) with all possible energy. After one-half of Beethoven is killed, his sinful part given to the flames, then the heretics, anarchists and musical Hussites will perish by their own folly.

Under these circumstances it is important in the highest degree, and pleasant to see a savant of excellence, Mr. MARX, rise to vindicate in warm, eloquent language, in a manner truly scientific, the whole of BEETHOVEN to Germany and poor mankind. Yea, the whole BEETHOVEN. For this purpose, he attacks from the outset the idea of a musical apostasy, Beethoven's, and the error of a gradual development, Beethoven's, in three or four styles.

Beethoven's gigantic genius would have signalized an epoch in any century. If an unfavorable fate had thrown him into the 16th century, he would perhaps have overtopped PALESTRINA and ORLANDO LASSO. A mild and kind Providence ordained him to be the successor of MOZART and HAYDN. Both are the most glorious productions of the 18th century on the musical soil of all the world. BACH and HANDEL were the most decisive representatives of the self-conscious, GERMAN Protestant mind, which finds its world within itself or builds it up within itself in cheerful battle for thought, secure against all inimical powers. HAYDN and MOZART, on the contrary, were Catholics, sons of the more universal religion; but their catholicism was at the same time the mild and humane one of the age of Joseph II. They did not do away with the terrors of hell and purgatory; but their pure souls had the blissful consciousness that the fire of hell and purgatory was not going to burn them. Haydn, in his well-balanced, harmonious frame of mind, wrote hymn after hymn of joy and happiness of life. Thus he created God's world anew, not as the vale of sorrows of the theologians, but as an emanation of the free spirit of God. Irresistible enchantment pervades the works of his younger pupil and master, MOZART. At Salzburg stood his cradle. In that delightful valley, whose magnificent mountain forms are yet far from the sublime ruggedness of the stock of the Alps, half-Italian breezes float around us. Here the heart swells with longing for the gardens of the Hesperides to the south of the Brenner mountain. Such a longing for unknown isles of happiness, the striving after the sunny world of eternal love and youth is the golden tenor of almost all of Mozart's works. Therefore all the sweet yearnings of youthful happiness in love tremble through his symphonies and operas; he is for this reason able to picture the terrors threatening this happiness of love. And therefore nature denies to him sorrow and the strife with those powers that night have destroyed his empire of youth. He died young, very likely to the advantage of his glory.

If love and longing of youth were the exclusive contents of art, Mozart would be the master absolute, and passing beyond him treason against art. But when Mozart died European mankind underwent, for the second time, the fall of man—the French revolution was beginning to send up its fiery rays.

(To be continued.)

Ludwig Uhland.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Of all living German poets, Uhland is perhaps the best known beyond the limits of his native country. He is not, therefore, necessarily the greatest; for in the higher qualities of passion and imagination he is surpassed by Rückert, while in vigor Freiligrath is his superior. Neither of these poets, however, approaches Uhland in those qualities of simplicity, sweetness, and quaint tender fancy, which have made him so popular, even with those who know him only through translations. Few English poems have had a wider circulation among us than his "Crossing the Ferry," commencing:

"Many a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave."

—or, "The Castle by the Sea," in Longfellow's version. In Germany no poet has written such a number of songs and ballads, which have been taken at once to the heart of the people, and have become the commonest household words of Song. Uhland is a popular poet, in the best sense of the word. Tender, true, loyal to his fatherland, full of all noble and generous inspirations, he has written no line which can possibly be perverted to exercise other than a good influence. In this respect, as well as in the consistency and integrity of his life, he strongly resembles our own Bryant.

Uhland was born in 1787, in the little town of Tübingen, in Württemberg, where he now resides.

He studied jurisprudence, and resided for a while in Stuttgart, where he was several times elected a member of the Constitutional Assembly, always heartily cooperating with the liberal and progressive party. Many of his political lyrics breathe a bold and ardent spirit of freedom. I scarcely know a bolder or more manly utterance than that song of his, which every German student sings:

"If now a soul from heaven descended,
At once a hero and a bard."

He soon withdrew from active life, and burying himself in his beloved Tübingen, devoted his days to poetry. In 1848, only, his repose was broken. He was chosen to the German Parliament at Frankfort, where he resumed his old place, on the extreme Left, and spoke good words for German Unity and German Freedom. He has amply proved his political kinship to the poets of Suabia—to Schiller, and Schubert, and Hauff.

The first German book which I ever attempted to read was Uhland's Poems. Before I had been a week in Heidelberg, and while I was still unable to ask for a clean towel, I had read "The Blind King," and "Little Roland." The delight which these poems gave me, lightened the study of the language, and I did not stop until I had mastered the book from beginning to end. I was anxious to know something about the poet whom I had thus learned to love, but those who had seen him described him to me as a dry, silent, ungenial old man, in whom no trace of the poetic character could be discerned.

Nevertheless, I determined that I would visit him in the course of my three months' walk through Germany; but when I reached Stuttgart, toward the close of the trip, with twenty cents in my pocket, and fifty miles yet to be traversed, and the bottles of the clouds emptied upon my head, I set my teeth together, looked at the statue of Schiller, and started for Heidelberg through the rain.

Seven years afterward, on my way from Constantinople to England, I found myself again in Württemberg. I had not much time to spare, but the reflection came: I may never be so near to Uhland again; he is an old man, and if I fail to visit him now, I may repent it all my life. So I stopped for the night at Stuttgart, and booked myself for the diligence which started at dawn for Tübingen.

It was a tiresome, dreary ride over the windy uplands. In the gloomy autumn day, the cold fields and dark woods of pine exercised a depressing influence upon me, and I began to wish myself back again. The only other passenger was a young man, who was completely absorbed in his own thoughts, which he wrote from time to time in a note-book, as well as the shaking diligence allowed. I was curious enough to steal a glance now and then, and discovered that he was composing a poem, "right out of his head," as the country people say. During the ride of six hours he produced three stanzas, of eight lines each, and alighted in Tübingen with an air of great exhaustion. I wish I knew who he was; I even wish (I am ashamed to say) that I had spied out the title of the poem, that I might have the pleasure of ransacking modern German literature to find it!

Tübingen is a quaint little old place, on the side of a hill, overlooking the valley of the Neckar. But I had not come to see the town. My first business was to write a note to Uhland, stating who and what I was, and why I wanted to see him. Having dispatched this by a servant of the hotel, (who, I thought, seemed a little surprised, and spoke of Uhland as coolly as if he had been a shoemaker,) I lay down on my bed to await the result. In half an hour the man came back, stating that Herr Uhland would receive me immediately; and he thereupon accompanied me to the poet's residence.

I was ushered into a bare little library, lighted by a single window. It resembled, in fact, a lawyer's office much more than a poet's sanctum. A side-door opened and Uhland entered. He shook hands with a manner which was benevolent rather than cordial, and invited me to a seat on

the sofa. After the usual commonplaces, he conversed very pleasantly. I found at once that he was thoroughly simple and unobtrusive, yet cheerful and kindly—anything but dry and cynical, as he had been represented.

His stature is small, and his figure slight. The shoulders stoop a little, which makes him appear older than he really is. His face is thin, and much wrinkled about the mouth and eyes—but the eyes themselves are soft, clear, and blue, with the same fresh, youthful character which I found in those of Humboldt. His nose is prominent and full of character, his forehead high, and finely modeled, and his scanty hair, once blond, is now silver-white. The form of his head has much resemblance to that of Bryant, but he lacks the splendid Homeric beard of the latter.

I asked him whether he had written any poems recently—whether we might not expect something more from him. "I would not swear," he said, "that I will never write any more; but I have never yet written except from the necessity of expression. Whether that necessity will come again, is a thing which I cannot foresee, but it is certainly less active now than in my younger years." He then went on to speak, with great frankness, of his own works, not concealing his satisfaction at their popularity, yet not elated thereby, for they were evidently written for himself, and the effect which they might produce on others was but a secondary consideration.

After an hour spent in pleasant talk, I rose to take leave, and then ventured to ask for his name, as a souvenir of my visit. He wrote upon a slip of paper: "An inhabitant of the Suabian Land to the wanderer from the Orient," signed, and gave it to me, with a friendly invitation to visit him again. As I returned to the hotel the rain began to fall, so I kept within doors all evening, and at midnight took a return diligence to Stuttgart. So that all I saw in Tübingen was the poet Uhland.

Here is a tender little song of his, which has not been translated:

TO THE NAMELESS ONE.

Oh, would that I were standing
Upon a mountain's crown,
With thee on vales and forests,
With thee, love, looking down:
There all around I'd shew thee
The world, in morning's shine,
And say: if it were mine, love,
So were it mine and thine.

And in my heart's deep valleys
Couldst thou but thus look down,
Where all the songs are sleeping
God sent, my life to crown,
The truth I cannot utter
There might thy dear eyes see:
Each hope and each achievement
Received its life from thee.

—Independent.

(From the Monthly Religious Magazine.)

History of the Oxford Singing-School.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

The singing-school I understand to be one of the essentials of a New England ecclesiastical organization, and I do not think we can come to a full understanding of New England life, education, character, and manners, unless we know something of this, not the least important of its institutions. I am a graduate of this institution,—not, I am sorry to say, with the first honors, but I have been through all its drill, been initiated into all its mysteries, and feel myself tolerably competent to write its history. The history ought to be written by some one. Our school was marked by curious and interesting incidents, some of them highly illustrative of Yankee tastes and proclivities. I have waited now thirty years, and I am afraid if I wait any longer all the actors in the drama will have passed off the stage, and the history will never be given to the world. I shall be obliged, however, to alter a few names, and make some new combinations of incident, so as not to hurt the feelings of some people who are yet alive; otherwise the reader may rely upon my accuracy. I enter upon the subject *con amore*, since it is one with which poetry and music are blended with such endless shades and variations.

The village of Oxford is situated on one of the

hills in the interior of Massachusetts. It contains a meeting-house, a store, a post-office, what used to be a tavern, and half a dozen houses in which the first of the village aristocracy reside. The village, I am told, did not take its name from the English seat of learning, but rather from its bovine and agricultural interests. Large herds of cows and oxen graze in its pastures; and it is delightful, on a summer's evening, to see the flocks of the dairy wending along into the barn-yards, and the milkmaids and milk-women hieing thither with their pails; for the women in Oxford have never been deprived of their right to labor. Great cheese-rooms are filled with long rows of cheeses, of most beautiful yellow, all the work of the women and the girls. Somehow the blushes of the "evening red" pass into the cheeks of the Oxford maidens; they are pictures of health and womanly strength; the sunset skies of purple and crimson, whose lights play over their features, scarcely give them a deeper tinge than Nature had done before, and the business of the dairy is enlivened with the psalm-tunes learned at the singing-school.

I must give an account of the state of things before the memorable singing-school of 1830 revolutionized the affairs of the village of Oxford. The meeting-house had square pews, both on the floor and in the galleries, and a sounding-board over the pulpit, which was always just going to fall on the preacher's head. The minister was a venerable preacher, of the old-school orthodoxy. He wore a white neckcloth, without any collar; his thin, white hair always lay sleek on the top of his head. He always came in at the north door, and, as he took off his hat on entering, he stroked the top of his head three times (I always wondered why, as nothing was never out of place there), and ascended the pulpit stairs, the very picture of piety and meekness.

Once in two or three years the parish went through the process of "seating the meeting-house." You must understand that the pews were not owned individually, but by the parish, and the parish as yet was the whole town. Consequently there was a committee appointed to "seat the meeting-house." It was well understood that some pews were more aristocratic than others; these were assigned to the doctors, the lawyer, the justices of the peace, and now and then to some rich Farmer Scrapewell, whose wife and children stared out in finer silks and broadcloth than his neighbors, and who would "sign off" if left out among the Snookses and Smiths. There were two pews, one under each flight of stairs, which always caught the fag-end of the parish. In one "Old Dick" and his family were always seated, who were colored people; in the other a half-wit, named "Cornelius," with a few of his peers. There were two pews below, one at each of the opposite entrances, to which no one was assigned by name, one being reserved for single men, and the other for single women, and which got the name of the "old bachelor's and old maid's pews." It is a curious fact, which always puzzled me when a boy, that, while the former was generally occupied, not a person was ever seen in the latter within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, though the meeting-house had stood for half a century. The gallery pews were never "seated," but left free to the young people in general, the boys at the right of the minister and the girls at the left; and they were always full. Indeed, in the good old times the house was generally filled in all its parts, except the pew for single women, which was a blank spot in the gathered and packed humanity of the village of Oxford.

But we are more specially concerned with the singers' seats, and it lies upon me to describe them. They occupied three sides of a quadrangle, the pulpit being at the middle of the fourth. Consequently, the singers sat in single rows running across three sides of the meeting-house, the treble fronting the bass, and the leading chorister fronting the pulpit. The leading chorister was a tall, bilious, wiry looking person, by the name of Peter Bettis. You should have seen him in his glory, especially in the full tide of one of the "faguing tunes." His forces marshalled on each side of him, he would bend his lithe figure, now this way, now that way, throwing his voice into the bass and into the treble alternately, as if rolling a volume of song on each side out of his own inexhaustible nature. It really seemed, sometimes, as if all other voices were touched off by his, like a row of gas-lights breaking out in long lines of splendor by the touch of a single flambeau. Especially when they sang, as they very often did, the 122d Psalm, proper metre,

"How pleased and blest was I,
To hear the people cry,"

you should have witnessed the strophes and the antistrophes, sometimes in jets and jerks, sometimes in billows, which the bass rolled forth and the treble rolled back again, and which then the three living

sides of the quadrangle would all take up anew, and bring down in one tremendous crash of harmony,—Peter Bettis, as the central figure, swaying with the inspiration, riding on the whirlwind and directing the storm.

"I were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

On the left of the chorister were the picked young men, the flower of the Oxford farms; on his right the girls, in neat white dresses, and in long continuous rows, beginning away at the south side of the church and extending to the north, and then making a right angle and coming up snug to the right shoulder of Peter Bettis,—all ruddy and smiling as the roses of June. Without much abuse of metaphor, you might call these two quadrangular sides the two wings on which Peter Bettis soared into the empyrean of the celestial symphonies.

The choir was a unit, and the Oxford parish was in its palmiest prosperity. I am compelled, however, as an impartial historian, to record the fact that even now there was a small speck in the horizon. There were two other choristers—Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney—who sat with the bass. Timothy Case never liked Peter Bettis, notwithstanding Peter's popularity in Oxford and vicinity. Though Peter Bettis would carry by storm the whole congregation, Timothy Case always stood out and muttered some sally criticism upon the singing. It fell to him as the second chorister to take the lead in Peter's absence, when he would try to outdo his rival, especially in singing treble, by which means he got the name of "Sneaking Tim." But he was not without his influence in the parish, for he married a cousin of Farmer Scrapewell's wife, and some thought him the better singer of the two. I cannot pretend to balance the claims of the two gentlemen.

Such was the state of affairs when the singing-school opened. A Mr. Solomon Huntington, who had taught singing with immense success in the neighboring and fashionable town of Grandville, came to Oxford. "What do we want a singing-school for," asked several, "when the singing is as perfect now as it can be?" Not so, however, thought the Cases and the Scrapewells. Not so thought the young people who attended the Grandville concert. Not so thought several others who met at the Oxford Mansion-house to hear Mr. Solomon Huntington sing, and play on his bass-viol. He was a portly, sociable gentleman, who had seen the world. He had great compass of voice, and when he played on his violin, and represented a thunder storm, a conflagration, the judgment day, the battle of Trafalgar, and several other catastrophes, they were constrained to acknowledge that music had not reached its grand diapason in Peter Bettis.

The school opened in the centre school-house. It was crammed. Peter Bettis was there, with the three vocal sides of his quadrangle. Timothy Case was there. The Scrapewells were there. The *élite* of the village was there in reserved seats. All the singers in town came thither, bells jingling, boys and girls laughing and frolicking. After the school got fairly launched and organized, Mr. Solomon Huntington had a good many criticisms to make. He told them that half of them swallowed the music down their throats without letting it come out at all. "Fill your chests and open your mouths, not squeeze your mouths up as if you were going to whistle Yankee Doodle instead of singing praises to the Lord, thus—" And he would fill his lungs, and open wide his mouth, and pour out a thunderous volume of sound, and roll it and quaver it and shake it into sparkling scintillations, and throw them all over the school-room like sparks from a smithy's anvil. Then he would show off the opposite method by way of contrast and ridicule. He would compress his lips and chest, and grunt out some guttural sounds, or whine through his nose, "That's the way you sing here." Curious developments followed. It was soon evident that there were two opinions about opening the mouth. Some kept their mouths shut closer than ever; these were mostly the older singers. Others expanded their jaws to a most astonishing capacity. I had never noticed but what Peter Bettis opened his mouth sufficiently during his flourishing administration; but now you could hardly see the motion of his lips. On the other hand, the more Peter Bettis shut his mouth the more Timothy Case and Jesse O. Whitney opened theirs. The question was discussed at parties and sleigh-rides. Mercy Bettis said that when she saw the Scrapewell girls sing she could think of nothing but a trap-door. She would not open her mouth as if she was going to swallow the universe,—not she. At the next party Emily Scrapewell, in one of the "awful pauses" in conversation, accosted Mercy Bettis on the opposite side of the room, inquired for her health,

and said she understood she had been threatened with the lockjaw. It was an injudicious remark, though it raised a general titter at Mercy's expense. There was a division among the singers, however, and it could not be helped. Mercy rejoined that "She would rather die of lockjaw than have her jaws dislocated in yelping Watts's hymns." After the two parties had got thoroughly formed, I often amused myself with looking over the school-room during the singing, and among the odd fancies that came into my head, I represented to myself the Oxford singing-school overtaken by some sudden judgment and turned into petrifications, or, like Lot's wife, into salifactions, some with their mouths wide open, some with their lips screwed together, and I wondered what the geologist would make of it as he dug them up or quarried them out at some future age, and whether from this single fact he could thread back the history of our singing-school and of its division into the trap-door and the lockjaw party. What would he make of the preserved fact? Would he not say that one part was gasping for breath? or would he not say they were trying to eat the others? Would he ever suspect the truth? and hence may we not infer the uncertainty of most of these antediluvian speculations? This, however, by the way.

The singing-school had not proceeded far before it was deemed necessary to affect a complete reorganization of the choir in the church. Mr. Solomon Huntington said it was impossible to sing with the singers strung from one end of the meeting-house to the other. They must "sit together." The whole plan of the galleries must be changed. That row of pews opposite the pulpit must be torn away and an orchestra must be formed there. Now came a worse crisis in the affairs of Oxford. The quadrangle must be broken up, and with it the two choral wings on which the congregation for half a century had soared to the stars. I cannot record all the speeches and debates. Mr. Huntington carried all his points from beginning to end, for the young men and women were always with him. Indeed, I am candid to say that he was an intelligent and worthy gentleman, and I presume he was right in this matter, though I always mourned the mutilation of that old church. There the two wings of Peter Bettis had caught me up into the heavens, and made me feel the truth of an old gentleman's saying, that "the singing was the best part of the sermon." There I had come up to hear the sermon, sometimes rather to look at the minister while my thoughts were running along the other side of that quadrangle where the roses from all the farm-houses were ranged a-row. The astronomers say that the best way to see a star is to look one side of it. So I have no doubt a great many of us youngsters looked at the minister for the purpose of seeing particular flowers on the right wing of Peter Bettis's quadrangle. I suppose it was wrong; but I am writing history, and feel obliged to be candid.

Then there was all the reverence and affection bound up in the arrangements of an old church, the same as in an old Bible or hymn-book. Every board that was torn from its place tore into the very heart of Deacon Webster and old Uncle Eliakim Jones, and several other patriarchs, who would gather at noon in one of the great square pews, lean their gray heads upon their staves, and talk over the old times and the degeneracy of the age. But the reformers had their way. The quadrangle was broken up. The pews in the north gallery were ripped out and piled away as old lumber, and seats were arranged one behind another, the singers seated anew, beginning with the graver men and matrons, and ascending and tapering off with the boys and girls, whose heads nearly touched the ceiling above. The next Sunday, hark and behold! the musical wings were clipped forever and the singing rained down from what they called an orchestra perched away up in the north gallery. The people below, however, call it by different names, and by names which were anything but complimentary. "Pigeon-loft," "hay-mow," "hen-roost," and divers other terms suggestive of rural tastes and occupations, expressed the disgust of the Oxford conservatives at the desecration of their meeting-house. The controversy between the trap-doors and lockjaws, conveniently abbreviated as the "traps" and the "locks," paled away, though it was not forgotten, in the new controversy between the quadrangles and the orchestra men, which extended beyond the choir and involved the whole congregation.

(To be continued.)

Carissimi, a famous composer of music, being praised for the ease and grace of his melodies, exclaimed: "Ah! with what difficulty is this ease acquired."

MARTHA.

Musical score for "MARTHA." The score is written for piano and organ. The piano part is in the upper system, and the organ part is in the lower system. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "p dolce." and "Ped." (Pedal). The organ part includes a "pp" (pianissimo) marking and a "rall." (rallentando) marking. The score ends with a double bar line.

No. 2. DUETT.

Musical score for "No. 2. DUETT." The score is written for two piano parts. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "Allegro." and "Andante." The score includes various dynamics such as "f" (forte), "ff" (fortissimo), and "p" (piano). The score ends with a double bar line and a "ritard." (ritardando) marking.

MARTHA.

A tempo.

cresc. *f* *dim.* *p*

p *cresc.* *riten.* *f* *p*

cres. *sf* *f* *smorz.*

Poco più animato.

f *p* *dolce.*

cres. *sf* *dim.* *p* *cres.*

f *dim.* *p* *cresc.*

The musical score for 'MARTHA' on page 14 is written for piano. It begins with the tempo marking 'A tempo.' and features a variety of dynamic markings including *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *cresc.* (crescendo), *dim.* (diminuendo), *sf* (sforzando), *riten.* (ritardando), and *smorz.* (smorzando). The score is divided into sections by tempo and character markings: 'A tempo.' and 'Poco più animato.' The first section includes a trill marked 'tr'. The second section is marked 'dolce.' (softly). The third section is marked 'sf' (sforzando). The fourth section is marked 'dim.' (diminuendo). The fifth section is marked 'p' (piano). The sixth section is marked 'cresc.' (crescendo). The seventh section is marked 'f' (forte). The eighth section is marked 'dim.' (diminuendo). The ninth section is marked 'p' (piano). The tenth section is marked 'cresc.' (crescendo). The score is written in a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature.

MARTHA.

15

The musical score consists of seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes piano (*p*) and dolce markings. The third system continues with piano accompaniment. The fourth system features a crescendo (*cres.*) and a forte (*f*) dynamic. The fifth system includes piano (*p*) and crescendo (*cres.*) markings. The sixth system features a fortissimo (*sf*) dynamic and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The seventh system continues with piano accompaniment.

Prospects of Operatic Music in America.

It is a common remark that we have no means to judge of the future of the operatic music in America. The only way to judge of it is to see what is being done at present. The only way to see what is being done at present is to see what is being done at present.

16

MARTHA.

The musical score for 'MARTHA' is written for piano and voice. It consists of ten staves of music. The first staff is the vocal line, and the subsequent staves are the piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score is marked with 'cres.' (crescendo), 'f' (forte), 'p' (piano), 'pp' (pianissimo), 'ritard.' (ritardando), 'a Tempo', 'dim.' (diminuendo), and 'cresc.' (crescendo). The score is arranged in a standard musical format with a vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Prospects of Operatic Music in America.

It is a common maxim that we have no means to judge of the future, save through the experience of the past. Like many other common maxims, however, which are acknowledged to be sound in theory, and are systematically eschewed in practice, it is seldom adopted by individuals or classes, as a rule of action. The projectors and conductors of Opera houses, for instance, invariably regard it as a "glittering generality." No consideration of past failure deters either class from renewed experiment. Huge theatres for operatic purposes, have gone or are going up all over the country, which will favorably compare in splendor and dimension with those of the European capitals. New York, Boston, and Philadelphia have their Academies; Brooklyn, regardless of expense, points exultingly to her \$200,000 edifice. Turning to the West, we find the ambitious Pike investing his magnoliam profits in a sumptuous pile, which he gracefully christens with his poetic name. There seems to be an abiding faith in the musical proclivities of the American people. One *impresario* after another gets into difficulties, and finally disappears in the Slough of Despond; yet the new temples continually arise, as if to multiply chances for the unlucky speculator to tempt financial ruin. The very name "Academy of Music," has been such an unfortunate one, that we wonder ingenuity has not been taxed to invent a title which should be a harbinger of hope rather than an omen of disaster. In fact, the first regular theatre for the performance of Italian Opera in England was styled the Royal Academy of Music, and was as ill-fated as most of its god children have been. Established in 1720, largely aided by Royal and aristocratic patronage, supported by the talents of Handel, Bononcini, and Ariosti, whose works were interpreted by the best living singers, this establishment closed its doors in 1728, after sinking £50,000,—a much larger sum than now,—over and above the regular receipts from public patronage.

These considerations, however, by no means prevented the speedy inauguration of similar enterprises, whose histories bear the common family resemblance. Thus men refuse to be guided by the experience of others. Each imagines his case is to be the exceptional one. Each has his favorite schemes, hobbies and pets whose judicious juxtaposition and distribution shall disarm criticism and forestall failure. Each falls into the delusive snare of trusting that the enthusiasm with which the Hydra-headed monster always welcomes a new undertaking, is an earnest and reliable indication of permanent and substantial support. Each finds out his blunder when there is no longer anything in his pockets to buoy up the weight of his *aces* of wisdom. We are well aware that it is easier to speak of the causes of failure, than to point out the means for effectual remedy. It is very certain that there is a very strong taste for Italian music among our people collectively. The problem is, so to direct that taste into steady channels, as to induce its gratification to pay for the cost of the article it requires. That no solution has yet been arrived at is sufficiently obvious. The late Manager of our Opera house has unquestionably labored hard to please the public and to maintain his position. There have been drawbacks. He has mounted most expensively and unprofitably, the least melodious and popular operas of his repertoire—the *Sicilian Vespers* and the *Jewess*. Good works, on the contrary, have been carelessly presented. It is an unfortunate illustration of the doctrine of compensations, that bad operas have been so finely equipped, and fine operas so ily. He has been drawn into the blunder of risking the reputation of his house on the untried efforts of novices who have displeased the public by "stepping on the top round of the ladder at once, an experience which precludes the possibility of ascension and includes the probability of a fall." Finally, he has "enjoyed the disadvantage" of too marked and blatant a support from a press which too regularly swamps its candidates, to permit the rational hope of even a musical exception. The minor detriments, such as undisciplined employees, an army of impecunious lobbyists, half *claque* and half *clique*, and the succumbing to the caprices of conceited artists, are, we presume, to be classed more or less among the inevitables when so delicate an exotic as the Opera in its embryo state. But we believe New York is now getting sufficiently cosmopolitan to admit of an Opera enjoying that precision of discipline, fertility of resources for the *mise en scene*, and judicious advantages of every means for increasing receipts, common to Old World establishments. We venture to suggest among the latter, that the upper part of the house in the Academy of Music has never yet been made to pay what it should. Let comfortable stalls and small boxes be arranged in the upper tiers, and let for the

season, at a fixed moderate price. People who are now ashamed to go to any but the most expensive part of the house—which they can often ill afford—would soon be induced, by comfort and permanency, to avail of the new convenience. The Stockholders would best subserve their own interests by consenting to forego their existing monopoly of the (nearly) three hundred choicest seats in the house, reserving, simply, their right of admission. These reforms being achieved, a strong effort should be made, by offering liberal inducements for wholesale purchase, to lease the boxes in family (or grand) tier, also by the season. The patronage of the general public is too unreliable, too much affected by weather and caprice, to be regarded as a substantial basis for the treasury; such a basis must come as in London and Paris, from subscription. Let now a well balanced company of competent artists, whose selection shall be placed in hands of unmistakable experience and taste, and whose engagements shall be strict enough to prevent public disappointments, be brought forward, and there will be, with the suggested improvements, greater reason to anticipate successful and permanent establishment of Italian Opera in America, than we have yet had the right or the means to count upon. It is a pity that so elegant and refined an amusement should not obtain something better than its present precarious foothold here, and without being uncharitable enough to wish any one any harm, we shall be glad to see in the future, a management with sufficient spirit, dignity and capacity, to compass the necessary reforms, and to realize an Opera House as a solvent and abiding institution.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer*.

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING IN RICHMOND, VA.—The slave population and their employment are objects of interest to the visitors to all Southern cities. Go into a tobacco manufactory here and you will see from fifty to one hundred blacks of both sexes and all ages, busily engaged in picking and rolling the weed, and preparing it for boxing; while at the same time a flow of delightful harmony is kept up as their united voices join in some of their peculiar hymns, many of which are the same as are heard in the churches of Boston. The slaves work and sing as a matter of course; they could not well do the one without the other; and to a question of mine, after visiting some twenty or more factories where the same habit was observable,—I was told that their song was never interrupted by any one, though in several instances conversation with the proprietor was almost impossible, in consequence of the "congregational singing" among the operatives.

I visited one of the churches for blacks yesterday afternoon, and found there the same disposition to sing as prevails in the factories. No sooner had the last words of one hymn left the lips, than some little whining voice, or oftener, a gruff bass one, would lead off on something else; and I began to think that the congregation did not intend their preacher should have an opportunity to commence his portion of the service at all. There are no churches for free blacks in Richmond, but free and bond all worship together, and not a few whites are found among them, also; who are always treated with the greatest respect.—*Corr. of Boston Evening Transcript*.

THE FIRST PERFORMANCE OF HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."—When Handel's "Messiah" was first performed, the audience was exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when the chorus struck up, "For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," they were so transported that they all, together with the king, (who happened to be present,) started up and remained standing till the chorus ended; and hence it became the fashion in England for the audience to stand while that part of the music is performing. Some days after the first exhibition of the same divine oratorio, Mr. Handel came to pay his respects to Lord Kinnoul, with whom he was particularly acquainted. His lordship, as was natural, paid him some compliments on the noble entertainment which he had lately given the town. "My lord," said Handel, "I should be sorry if I only entertained them, I wish to make them better."

ANECDOTE OF ZEUNER.—Our notice of Zeuner's "Feast of Tabernacles," reminds us of an incident in his life, illustrative of his extreme sensitiveness. At one time organist of a prominent Episcopal church in this city, Zeuner, allowing his fancies to assume the shape of a masterly impromptu fugue upon a certain Sunday, astounded the few appreciative and knowing members of the congregation with his wonderful performance—while

he simultaneously shocked the many-headed with what seemed to them totally incomprehensible and devoid of beauty. At the conclusion of the service, one of the prominent members, meeting the great organist in the vestibule, put the following query to him: "Mr. Zeuner, pray, is our organ out of order? There was such an unaccountable jolting and rumbling in the pedals this morning, and altogether it sounded very strangely indeed." This lamentable display of musical ignorance entirely overcame the testy and sensitive harmonist. With a contemptuous hiss between his teeth, he strode from his interrogator, nor ever went near the stately church again, professionally or otherwise.—*Amateur's Guide*.

Here is a bit of pleasantry which goes to show what sort of a life is led by a Parisian theatrical manager. M. Beaumont, who has recently assumed the direction of the *Opera Comique*, and is supposed to be an exemplification of the proverb, that a "new broom sweeps clean," or that, in other words, his profession is paramount to every other consideration, is already in his office at nine o'clock in the morning, walking up and down the room, with an air of importance justified by his responsible position. A liveried servant enters and obsequiously asks if M. Beaumont "desires breakfast to be served?" "Breakfast, indeed!" ejaculates the great man. "Either I am director of the *Opera Comique*, or I am not. If I am the director, it is my imperative duty to receive petition—I mean pieces. It is now between nine and ten o'clock, and not a single act have I yet accepted. Business before pleasure! Introduce the petitioners!"

The servant throws open the doors of the ante-chamber, and a throng of authors and composers rushes into the cabinet. After patiently listening, during two mortal hours, to the demands of his courtiers, the King of the *Opera Comique* is once more alone, and can at least breakfast in tranquility. M. Beaumont has done a good morning's work; and six new operas are added to the repertory of the establishment. The servant sits in the ante-chamber, awaiting the termination of his august master's repast. All at once, a gray-haired stranger enters, carrying under his arm a voluminous roll of music.

"Is the director in?" asks the stranger, in persuasive accents, at the same time slipping a Napoleon into the chamberlain's hand.

"The director is at this moment particularly engaged. He is breakfasting, and cannot be interrupted."

"Would you have the kindness to announce me?" entreats the stranger. "I am convinced he will receive me."

"I am quite sure it would be useless. You come on business, I suppose."

"Yes. Say that it is M. Auber, with a new opera."

"Let me advise you, M. Auber, to come some other day. We have already received a sufficient assortment in your line, this morning!"—*N. O. Delta*.

JULLIEN'S EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.—M. Jullien was first noticed by the public as leader of the concerts at the *Jardin Turc*, at Paris, since built over. A five story house now stands where he once stood, as we have also so often seen him here, with primrose gloves, and shirt cuffs turned up to the elbow, wielding the sceptre of the king of the orchestra. It was during his reign at the *Jardin Turc* that, according to M. Lecomte, the following accident happened to him: "He had an extraordinary duel, unprecedented save amongst Ariosto's fabulous heroes. One of the musicians, who had been a fencing-master in a regiment, had a dispute with him, and sent him a challenge. Jullien asked a week to prepare for the duel, and his request was granted. At the end of that time the encounter took place with swords, and he received a furious thrust, which ran him right through the body, the hilt of the weapon actually resting upon the wound, and his antagonist having naturally let go his hold, Jullien rushed upon him, and in his turn dealt him a desperate blow; after which, having thus revenged himself, he remained erect, with a sword sticking out of his back! Nobody daring to withdraw it, he himself had the energy to pluck it from the wound. It had made itself a passage which, wonderful to relate, interfered with none of the organs essential to life. A month afterwards, Jullien had resumed his baton and his primrose gloves, and, pallid and in elegiac attitudes, he once more presided over those concerts to which the fame of his adventure now attracted all Paris. The circumstances which decided him to quit Paris, were, like everything in his life, singular and out of the way. Having some cause of complaint against the authorities, he revenged himself by the composition of an odd

posting-bill, in which a combination of letters, put in larger type than the others, formed, when seen at a distance, words offensive to the police. He had to run for it, and then it was he went to England."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 12, 1861.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of the Opera of "Martha," Piano Solo.

Orpheus Quartette Club.

On Saturday evening, Jan. 5th, the gentlemen composing this Club, Messrs. W. and C. SCHRAUBSTÄDTER, LANGERFELDT and JANSEN, the solo singers of the Orpheus Musical Society, gave a concert at the hall of Messrs. Chickering, assisted by Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG. The programme was excellent, and the execution for the most part also. The singing of these gentlemen in the Orpheus concerts made them deservedly favorites, and the ensemble-pieces they sang that evening, were done with that nicety of shading, that strict and careful entering in the intentions of the composer, which is a characteristic of the Orpheus, and a proof of Mr. KREISSMANN'S careful training.

PART I.

1. Quartette, "Ich grüße dich,"Hsertel
 2. Aria, "O Isis und Osiris," from the Magic Flute.Mozart
Mr. R. Jansen.
 3. Tartini's Dream, Sonata for Violin, (1690,) by request,
.....Tartini
Mr. J. Eichberg.
 4. Duetto from Don Giovanni.Mozart
Messrs. C. Schraubstädter and R. Langerfeldt.
 5. Quartette, Walzer.Vogl
- #### PART II.
6. Quartette, "Draus ist alles so prächtig,"Spohr
 7. Aria from Don Giovanni.Mozart
Mr. C. Schraubstädter.
 8. a. Elegie.Eichberg
 - b. Fabiana.
 Mr. J. Eichberg.
 9. Songs, a. Ungeduld.F. Schubert
 - b. Er ist gekommen.R. Franz
 10. Quartette, Abendlied.C. Kreutzer

The four quartets are good pieces. The tender "Ich grüße dich" and the similar "Abendlied," the May-song, "Draus ist alles so prächtig" with its simple melody like a people's song and the favorite sparkling "Walzer" each one good in its way, have all of them their peculiar charm. The fine harmonic effects of No. 1 were accurately rendered, and the whole piece sung with truthful expression. The same is true of the "Abendlied;" the "Walzer" went as well as usual; in the quartet by Spohr, a greater degree of simplicity would have improved the rendering. The solos were well done, though not as well as the ensemble-pieces. We think we have heard Mr. Jansen's voice to greater advantage before in the same air than on Saturday. There was hardly life enough in his performance. This want of life was noticeable to some extent in the Duetto and the Aria from "Don Giovanni." The two songs by Schubert and Franz were better rendered than the other solo-pieces, though in some places they were overdone, especially the second.

Mr. LEONHARD who was expected to accompany the solos, and Mr. Eichberg's pieces being prevented from so doing by news of an unexpected sad event, the gentlemen were fortunate in having Mr. MEYER'S assistance, who without any rehearsal played well. It would be unfair,

therefore, to reflect on the fact that the accompaniments were too loud for the most part. Undoubtedly, had Mr. Meyer been able to rehearse with the gentlemen, he would have found the proportionate harmonious degree of strength.

Mr. Eichberg's part of the programme was performed with rare mastery and taste. The famous sonata, "Il trillo del diavolo" was rendered excellently. The trills with their accompaniments had a perfect finish and a drastic strength about them; in hearing them, one might imagine the savage scowl or the sardonic grin of the unutterable personage whose name the sonata bears. The tenderer, elegiac portion of it were played with fine taste and warmth of expression. The legend of this sonata as Tartini is said to have related it himself, is as follows: "One night I dreamed, his Satanic Majesty was addressing me in the following words: 'you are after all a cold composer, poor in invention, and but a common fiddler. I do these things better.' Then he played me a sonata such as I had never heard before, full of trills, which I like so well. I awoke, jumped up, tried to write down the sonata, which I still imagined I heard. I wrote a curious, very difficult sonata, full of the most artful trills. But I felt that my composition was far below the excellence of the original. Yet a d—lish sonata it is nevertheless." It is historical, that he preferred it to all his other compositions and had it constantly hanging on the wall of his room, opposite the door. The date 1690 as stated on the programme is an error, however, as Tartini was born only in 1692. With the same excellence in expression, breadth, strength and sweetness of tone, the two pieces of Mr. Eichberg's composition were played, of which the second seemed to us the most original. It is a pleasure to hear so difficult an instrument as the violin handled so well and masterly. It was a rare treat. A praiseworthy feature in Mr. E.'s two pieces, was the absence of all the routine clap-trap, we are accustomed to in the majority of violin-pieces. They are noble in treatment, and leave a pleasurable satisfaction in the mind of the hearer.

The concert was a very pleasant one, and was so received. The audience was a good one; from the absence of many persons whom we know to be great admirers of the singing of the Orpheus, we conclude, however, that the enterprise did not have publicity enough. Everything here depends on advertisements—no, fortunately not everything but a good deal concerning the business arrangements of concerts. We wish the concert might have been as profitable to the gentlemen as it was agreeable to the audience.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Messiah.

I have been considerably amused during the last few days, at reading the various newspaper criticisms on the performance of the *Messiah*, by the Handel and Haydn Society, on the 30th ult., but still more so by the opinions expressed by those same writers, that the *Messiah* is, after all—much of it—unfit for cultivated ears to listen to, in this advanced period of musical knowledge and experience.

While some of our best informed, and most judicious critics have given the old Society credit for having given to the public a very good per-

formance of this Christmas Oratorio; others have indulged in a strain of remark quite the opposite; and, in answer to the latter, I will only say that in common with many others—who perhaps are as competent judges as those who exhibit such wonderful capacity for faultfinding—I listened attentively through the performance with a high degree of satisfaction, and without discovering those blemishes so freely spoken of.

To an unprejudiced listener such expressions as "tame and spiritless"—"see-saw style of singing the choruses"—"catch-penny form" of presenting it to the public with a meagre chorus, orchestra, &c. &c., are very ridiculous, and can have no other possible effect than to convince the reader that something more than a desire to chronicle faithfully the doings on that occasion was the prime object.

But when one glances his eye over the criticisms of the work—the *Messiah* of Handel—he is lost in amazement at the exceeding knowledge (acquired in so short a space of time) and critical judgment of some of these newspaper writers. For instance, one who but a year ago,—or possibly two years ago—indulged in columns of praise of the Cantata called the "Haymakers," (a very clever thing in its way,) and who made use of this expression in relation to it, "we consider this composition as one of the greatest works of the age," now says that "the grandeur of this oratorio (the *Messiah*) cannot be felt by us with our progressive ideas, our present knowledge of the works of other great masters," having, undoubtedly, the "Haymakers" firmly fixed in his mind.

Another writer likens the magnificent runs and roulades of Handel's songs and choruses to a "festoon of onions to the rhythm of a hornpipe."

Surely we are progressive, and very soon we may expect to find the *Elijah* or *St. Paul* of Mendelssohn superseded (in the minds of many of these learned modern critics) by some composition of wondrous beauty, particularly adapted to Negro Minstrelsy.

The same writer says, "Let any other man write such stuff and the world will be shocked." Probably those magnificent fugues of connected notes in Mozart's *Requiem* were entirely forgotten when he penned that paragraph.

The assertion that the *Messiah* was never performed so well here as it was by the Mendelssohn Choral Society, a few years ago, and that it was then "faultless," is simply absurd. The Handel and Haydn Society, at the Festival of 1857, with a chorus of six hundred and an orchestra of eighty, gave this grandest of Handel's works in a manner to leave comparison with any other performance of it quite out of the question.

A highly respectable and popular Weekly, in a notice of the performance, written apparently in a very decidedly foggy atmosphere, speaks of the "imperfect organization of band and chorus, so evident on the start," &c., but neglects entirely to give an opinion of the merits of the composition. It would have been pleasant to have heard from him on that important point; but in the absence of such a decision as he is capable of giving, the musical world are obliged to withhold judgment until further developments. B.

THE MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB will give the first concert of their new series this evening, the programme for which is an inviting one; as it offers

to us the celebrated Septet of Beethoven, (op. 20.) which has never been played in public before in Boston. Messrs. HAMANN, HOHNSTOCK and STEINE will assist in the performance. The remainder of the programme is more calculated to attract a popular audience than the ordinary ones of the Club at their regular concerts. Mrs. LONG is to sing several songs, Mr. SCHULTZE gives a violin solo and Mr. ZÖHLER a flute solo.

We hope that a crowded house may reward this new undertaking, which is designed to attract two very different classes of hearers.

The next regular concert of the Club will take place on Tuesday next, when we shall hear Franz Schubert's Octette, by way of novelty. Mr. H. Draper will sing.

BOSTON MOZART CLUB.—We have received a copy of the Rules and Regulations of the club of amateurs recently organized under this name, for the purpose of rehearsing and performing orchestral music, to which we made mention some weeks ago. It surely augurs well for Art here that such an organization should exist among us, and we are glad to learn of the success of the undertaking. The following are the officers for the present year: Wm. M. Byrnes, President; Augustus Flagg, Vice President; George Papendiek, Secretary; James Swan, Treasurer; George D. Russell, Assistant Manager; Edward Kendall, Librarian.

In addition to the performing members, the Club includes associate members, both gentlemen and ladies, who, by the payment of a small annual assessment, have the privilege of attending all the rehearsals and musical entertainments of the Club during the winter. We learn also that members of both sorts, active and associate, will be gladly welcomed by the Club, and that the officers whose names are well known in the community will give all information in the matter to those who are interested. The Club meets every Monday evening at the Piano Warerooms of Messrs. Hallett & Cumston, 339 Washington Street.

The National Airs and Songs.

Differ as people, here and there, may, in these times, the NATIONAL SONGS seem everywhere to strike a vein of patriotism, and to touch a chord that never fails to respond. No one is willing to abandon them, poor as they may be intrinsically. A correspondent of a new Orleans paper warms into a positive enthusiasm, he protests against giving them up. He says:

I sincerely believe I never could learn to get entirely over a certain moisture of the eyelids that always comes to me when listening to the sweet and stately melody of the Star Spangled Banner, whether issuing from a company of mimic soldiers in the broad glare of day, or whether at nightfall, gently swelling over moonlit waves from a far-off line-of-battle-ship. Nor do I think I could easily conquer a certain tingling of the finger-ends, and a peculiar combative tendency which will creep over my usually quiet nature, when the soul-stirring notes of Hail Columbia, marching onward like an army to the field, suddenly breaks upon my ear. Much less, in view of the fact that even Yankee Doodle, played on a two-stringed fiddle by a negro boy, seated upon a cotton bale, will cause emotions patriotic in character, would I guarantee to nerve my heart to utter forgetfulness of any other of our national melodies, endeared to us by so many recollections of bravely-fought fields and hard-earned victories.

The New Orleans *Crescent* also protests against giving up Hail Columbia or the Star Spangled Banner, and even claims a special property in them for the South. None the less do we claim them here as ours, and long may they be a part of the common birthright of all AMERICANS. The *Crescent* very properly says:

"These tunes and anthems of right belong to the

South; and as they are glorious tunes and anthems, we should cherish and perpetuate them, instead of throwing them back into the possession of those who have causelessly and wantonly become our enemies. These magnificent compositions first burst upon the world when the whole country was a slaveholding country; and like nearly everything great in war, peace, intellect and science, which made our forefathers illustrious, sprung from one general source. Instead of abandoning, let us claim them as our own legitimate property. They are a proud portion of our birthright. Our whole people have listened to their swelling strains with unalloyed delight; and tens of thousands would almost as soon fight for their retention as they would for the protection of their section—so strong is their reverence for, and powerful their attachment to, the grand old tunes they have admired and loved from earliest boyhood to the present moment.

For these reasons, leaving out of the account numerous others which could be brought forward, we sincerely trust these truly Southern National Airs, wherever performed in public hereafter, will be greeted with that hearty approbation which has been bestowed upon them from the time when the memory of the oldest citizens runneth not to the opposite."

New Publications.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for December. Reprint of Leonard Scott & Co.

"Maga" is always full of good meat and we greet every number with undiminished pleasure.

MARION GRAHAM, or "Higher than Happiness," by Meta Lander, author of "Light on the Dark River," &c. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. 506 pp.

Musical Chit-Chat.

MASON AND HAMLIN'S MELODEONS.—The manufacture of melodeons and other instruments of that nature has grown within a few years into a large and important business. This class of instruments often fills a place that no other can supply, and various reasons, (beside an absolute preference for the tone) lead to their adoption and use.

The instruments made by the firm mentioned at the head of this article are distinguished as among the best, if not the very best made in this country, for tone, power, external finish and variety of style. At the late Fair of the Mechanic's Association in this city, Messrs. Mason and Hamlin were awarded the first premium, a SILVER MEDAL, for their Melodeons and Harmoniums. From the report of the judges accompanying this award, we make the following extracts:

"The instruments exhibited by the firm of Mason and Hamlin were of remarkably fine workmanship; and the care exercised in voicing the reeds has made them better than those of any other makers, with whose instruments your Committee are familiar. The enterprise and ingenuity which has been bestowed on them, and elevated them from the low level which in their first inception these instruments held, cannot be too highly commended and encouraged. Without discussing the question whether one kind of mechanism is more legitimate than another for producing tone in instruments of the organ class, there can be but one opinion of the advance already made in the manufacture of reed organs, and their present superiority over the specimens of former years; and your Committee would most cheerfully award to Mason and Hamlin the principal merit in promoting such a desirable result." The judges were: Messrs. William Read, Charles J. Capen, J. Baxter Upham, Carl Zerrahn, George Derby, James C. D. Parker and Samuel Jamison.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Dec. 28.—The Cantata of "Paradise" and the Peri was performed by the pupils and music teachers of *Maplewood*. The correspondent informs us that the occasion passed off finely. The music was by Mr. J. L. Ensign, who is one of the teachers of music in the institution, Messrs. K. Treuer and Otto Feder, being the others.

A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.—Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the *Messiah*. His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton-bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brooksby-gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmonston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave-gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, "John, you have pitched too low—follow me." Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it; and, in his paroxysms of delight would dandle one or both of his legs over the sides of the pulpit during the singing. The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the *Messiah* with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear you sing." "Then," said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain." — *Gardiner's Music and Friends*.

NEW ACOUSTIC APPARATUS.—The paraboloid sounding apparatus proposed several weeks since for the City Hall, has been secured and tested, and with the most satisfactory results. The contrivance is simple, and consists chiefly of a large oval apparatus after the style of a shell, erected ten or twelve feet above the platform, and supported by a couple of pillars, a few feet above the speaker's head. A very low sound of the voice is distinctly heard at the opposite end of the hall, and no echo is produced, however loud it may be. The whole thing cost but about \$200, and the benefit derived is worth that much during a single lecture season. It will be used during Mr. Youman's lecture, at the City Hall, this evening. — *Springfield Republican*.

GOTTSCALK.—Private advices inform us of the illness of the great American pianist, who still remains in Havana. At one time the attack proved so dangerous as to require the constant attendance of three eminent physicians. His friends, however, will be pleased to hear of his gradual convalescence since then. The character of the disease is not stated. — *Amateur's Guide*.

Musical Correspondence.

TRAPPE, PA., Jan. 2.—The *Creation* was given in this village on Christmas Eve, by the Phi Kappa Tau Society, of Washington Hall. There was a goodly number of singers, accompanied by piano and several other instruments. The performance was characteristic of those given by the same society on former occasions good. The audience was larger than at any previous performance, and evidently appreciative; for *The Creation* entire was not sufficient. A gem from *Moses in Egypt* was given. C. H. JARVIS, of Philadelphia, presided at the piano, and closed with a masterly performance of an exceedingly difficult piece. The solo singers were Miss TILLIE A. GROSS, C. D. HARTRAFT, A. RAMBO, H. R. WEAND and H. W. SNYDER. The whole was under the conductorship of A. Rambo. This is a noble cause, and we say persevere. Q.

NEW YORK, JAN. 7.—In regard to opera there is very little to say. The Formes company gave one performance on New Year's night, which was well attended by Germans at theatre prices, but the panic, "hard times" and secession excitement have all been too strong to give poor Apollo a chance to twang his lyre again in Gotham. It is rumored that the Colson troupe will open the Brooklyn Academy of Music before long. It is probable that they will also give a few performances at our Academy of Music. Rumor hints the possibility of a new opera house being built in this city, further up town than that on Fourteenth Street. We need it about as much as a dog needs two tails.

Concerts announced this week are Miss HAWLEY's on Tuesday evening. The lady is a contralto vocalist of considerable ability, and a singer I believe in St. George's Church choir, where KING the best organist in the city (of his style) is engaged, and plays excepting on Christmas days and such like occasions, when he don't find time to attend. If Miss Hawley don't sing at St. George's, she sings somewhere else, it don't matter where. Her annual concert this year takes place at a new concert saloon, Irving Hall, a room highly spoken of. I give you the programme:

PART I.

1. Solo, Violin—(Fantasia), "Anna Bolena".....Allard Henri Appy.
2. Song, "The Anchor's Weighed".....Mr. Simpson.
3. Sacred Song, "Ruth and Naomi".....Toplife Miss Hawley.
4. Solo, Piano, Fantasia, (F sharp, minor).....Mendelssohn Mr. Beale.
5. Duo, "The Sailor Sings".....Balle Miss Hawley and Mr. Simpson.
6. Finale to the Second Act of "Lurline".....Wallace Mendelssohn Union.

- Solos by Mrs. W., Miss Francis, Mr. Simpson and Mr. Werneke.
- PART II.
1. Solo, Piano, Variations on "Home, Sweet Home".....Thalberg Mr. Beale.
 2. Cavatina, "Roberto Devereux".....Donizetti Miss Hawley.
 3. Song, "Home of my Heart," (Lurline).....Wallace Mr. Simpson.
 4. Trio, "Turn on, Old Time," (Maritans).....Wallace Miss Hawley, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Werneke.
 5. Solo, Violin, "Grand Variation" (La Norma,).....Appy Henri Appy.
 6. Song, "Good Night, Farewell".....Kucken Miss Hawley.
 7. Chorus, (Lurline).....Wallace Mendelssohn Union.—Solo, Miss Brennan.

The Mendelssohn Union assisting at this concert, the Harmonic Society will assist by way of balancing attractions, at a concert to be given at the same place on Thursday evening, by Mr. BRISTOW, for a charitable object. Felicien David's *Desert* will be produced on this occasion.

A new singer has arrived here, but has not yet appeared. He is a tenor, SIMON LEVIDAN by name, an Italian, and formerly one of the Garibaldians. He has a powerful *tenore robusto* voice, and would take well in the Verdi Operas. His voice would easily fill the largest theatre, and I think that in case the lyric drama ever revives in this section, Simon Levidan's name will become better known. There is a new prima donna here also, a Mlle. ELENA who comes from Rio. In the present operatic stagnation she had better have stayed there.

Some little gossip and perturbation has been created in church choir circles by the communications of one "TIMOTHY TRILL" to the *Despatch* of this city. Timothy is an organist who possesses some brains, a facile pen and a great many absurd notions. He composes music, and too much of it for his own good; but he is a clever writer and "cuts up" the follies and whims of church choir members admirably. He has exposed some curious instances of musical charlatanism, and his communications are worthy the attention of *Dwight's Journal*.

I don't know how it is in Boston, but as far as New York is concerned, church choirs and their occupants form a most amusing study. It is incredible how many stupid, incompetent, yet self-conceited people belong to choirs—how much twaddling, cackling, gossiping, slandering, backbiting, reviling and all uncharitableness is going on in them. Changes are constantly occurring. If a man or a woman gets a station in a church worth having, he or she is thenceforward the target for aspersions and envy. He or she is the object of official assassination; and he or she has the pleasant knowledge that a band of least fifty individuals are panting to turn him or her out of the position and fill it themselves. Under handed means is familiar to the majority of our choir musicians. Germans who can live on three cents a day, and save two of them, are ever ready to underbid an American musician, and I could give instances in connection with some of our choirs which would amaze everybody but a New York musician. Efforts have been made to unite our church choirs into a sort of mutual benefit Society; but the personal piques and jealousies were too strong for the successful accomplishment of the plan. TROYATOR.

WORCESTER, JAN. 5.—I have for a long time been hoping that some one in the "heart of the Commonwealth," would inform you of our musical affairs here, but as I have not seen a communication in your valuable paper from this place, for a long time, I will write a few lines which you can publish if they are worth publishing.

Concerts this season are like angel's visits, few and far between. On Friday of last week we were favored with a concert by the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB, of Boston; assisted by the popular vocalist Mrs. LONG. She never sang better. The concert as a whole was faultless.

Our Mozart Society is in a flourishing condition, numbering one hundred and fifty members, with Prof. E. H. FROST, Conductor; B. D. ALLEN, Pianist and G. P. BURT, leader of orchestra. Handel's "Messiah" was performed by this Society on Saturday evening, Dec. 29th. Both solos and choruses were well rendered. "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung by Miss WHITING with fine effect, and was the gem of the evening. The remaining solos were sustained by Miss FISKE, Mrs. PIERCE, Mrs. DOANE and Mrs. HILL; Messrs. FROST, WHITING, ALLEN and LAWRENCE. The orchestra played the accompaniment finely, and also the overture to Zampa.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club propose giving a series of chamber concerts, commencing Friday of next week. In my next I will give you an account of their concert, I shall also have a few words to say in regard to our Mendelssohn Choral Club under the direction of Mr. B. D. Allen. M.

A WHISTLER ENCORED IN A THEATRE.—Night before last a little event occurred at Niblo's Theatre which will long be remembered by all who were present. Pending the appearance of the members of the orchestra, who were for some reason behind time, a plainly dressed man in the third tier commenced whistling that peculiarly plaintive melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," with a sweetness and grace quite bewitching. By degrees the accustomed hum of voices in the parquette and boxes ceased, and all eyes were turned upward in the vain endeavor to trace whence came the mysterious and thrilling strains. The audience seemed entranced with the strange warbling notes and trills of the whistler, and perfect quiet reigned throughout the house. Some of the actors peered from behind the curtain, and even the musicians crept silently into the orchestra. With the most intricate variations, the whistler finished the air, when a storm of applause broke from the audience, which almost shook the house to the centre. Again were the shrill and peculiar notes of the whistler heard, and again was the house reduced to breathless silence. The strange music ceasing a second time, the orchestra struck up an operatic air, but their music was fairly drowned by the storm of applause. One of the ushers finally traced out the whistler, and churlishly turned him out of the house. —N. Y. Tribune.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The skipper and his boy. V. Gabriel. 30

A free and happy imitation of Hullah's musical version of "Three fishers went sailing." It is a sad and mournful story and with the assistance of the highly suggestive music, is capable of producing a deep impression.

Tender blossoms. (D'un pensiero.) Duet.

"Sonnambula." 30

The beautiful Quintet Finale in the second act, where Edgardo denounces the vainly pleading Aminta, arranged as a duet for two Ladies' voices, to new and original words, by Linley. It is a gem.

Jennie of Mendee. Song and Chorus.

W. O. Fiske. 25

Simple and pretty. Just the thing for Amateur Quartet or Serenading Clubs.

Faded Flowers. Song by Willing Arranged with Guitar Accompaniment. Dorn. 25

A song which has become very popular of late, and promises to be still more so.

Instrumental Music.

Fort Sumter Grand March. D'Albert. 30

Major Anderson's Quickstep. 25

Both the pieces are dedicated to the commander of Fort Sumter, in Charleston harbor whose recent coup d'etat has gained him such great notoriety in all sections of the country. They are both very fine pieces of music, and will recommend themselves, even without the title, to lovers of this style of music.

On rocking waves. Th. Oesten. 35

The second number of a cycle of elegant Piano pieces, entitled "Bygone hours," which the composer has lately added to the favorites of the day. The set is fully equal to the "Sounds of Love," by the same author, of which one or two numbers are in the hands of almost every advanced player.

Lucretia Borgia. Rondo. Julius E. Muller. 25

An instructive piece of pleasing character for about the third quarter.

Books.

THE PIANIST'S BEST COMPANION. (SCHMIDT'S FIVE FINGER EXERCISES.) A collection of two hundred and thirteen Five-finger Exercises for the Pianoforte, intended to impart an independent and equal action of the Fingers on that instrument. Composed by Aloise Schmidt, with an introduction by J. A. Hamilton. 50

The practice of five-finger exercises, or, in other words, of passages in one fixed position of the hands, has been found so eminently useful, not only to beginners, but even to advanced pupils, as a means of forming a true and graceful position of the hands and arms, and equality in the action of the fingers, that such exercises are now placed before pupils by all respectable masters throughout Europe. This collection will be found more ingenious, diversified and complete than any other yet published.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

